A-Lam 18/ 27595/P 49553

THE

Harangues, *or* Speeches

Of several celebrated

QUACK-DOCTORS

IN

TOWN and *COUNTRY*,

Containing

I. Dr. Rock's Harangue to his Political Patients in *Covent-Garden*.

II. Dr. Rand's Speech, in Prose and Verse.

III. The *High German* Doctor's, and his *English* Fool's Harangue, with the Quack's Invitation to his Auditors, to buy his infallible Packet, in humorous Verse.

IV. The Horse-Doctors Speech to the credulous Mob.

V. T. Jones's Harangue, the *Yorkshire* Quack.

VI. Alexander Bendo's Spee to the Gentlemen and Ladies *Great Britain*.

VII. Jo. Hains's Speech, t *High German* Doctor and Astr loger in *Brandipolis*.

VIII. R. Wilmore's Harang in Praise of his Divine Elixir.

IX. Don Lopus's Harangue to Patients at *Madrid*, with a Bra of Songs, translated from t *Spanish*, by an impartial Hand

---

Concluding with the Character of a Quack, sever merry Receipts, and three Mountebank Songs.

By Various Hands.

We come to cure whate'er Men feel,
Within, without, from Head to Heel,
We can Old Age to Youth restore,
And do a Thousand Wonders more.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Robinson*, at the *Golden-Lion* in *Ludgat Street*; and Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops in *Lond* and *Westminster*. Price 6 *d.*

WELLCOME INSTITUTE LIBRARY

TO THE

ORATOR *of* ORATORS,

AND

Puff-Master-General

OF

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

SIR,

SINCE the Flowers of *Rhetorick* were, even in your Minority, your most favourite Amusement, and since all who know you, and are truly impartial, must acknowledge, that ever since you have made *Harangues* and *Speeches* your *Publick Profession*, LONGINUS himself was not so great a Master of the *Sublime*, I flatter myself the following Sheets, as they contain the High Flights of some of the most Silver-tongu'd *Æsculapians* of the present Age, and your most affectionate Brethren, and Fellow-Labourers for the Publick Good; I flatter

 myself,

myſelf, I ſay, that the following Sheets are exactly ſuited to your Taſte; and ſure I am, they cannot appear in the World to greater Advantage, than under the Shelter of your Patronage and Protection.

I humbly hope the great Doctor *Rock*, and his worthy Predeceſſors, may, without the leaſt Strain or Impropriety, be term'd your Brethren; ſince as Man is compos'd of Body and Soul, by your joint Labours, both Parts are happily preſerved; you being, Sir, as infallible as the Pope himſelf, in rectifying the Errors of the One, and they the never-failing Phyſicians for the Other.

That theſe their profound Lucubrations may meet with a favourable Reception from the Publick, thro' the Sanction given them by your friendly Acceptance and Approbation, and that their Names, together with yours, may be held in the higheſt Eſteem and Veneration to lateſt Poſterity, is the unfeigned Wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted

and moſt obedient

humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

THE

THE

HARANGUES

Of ſeveral famous

Quack Doctors, &c.

Doctor ROCK's Political Speech *to the* Mob *in* Covent-Garden.

Gentlemen,

IT is with great Pleaſure that I ſee you all, as ſoon as I arrive in my Chair, flock round about it: It is a Proof, that as I come to do *Publick Good*, I have *Publick Eſteem*. I don't know, Gentlemen, whether here, in *Covent-Garden-Market*, ye ever heard of *Public Spirit*; but there is ſuch a Thing talk'd of among *Parliament Men*.

Baſket-Woman. Oh! That is the new *Act* of *Parliament*, Doctor, about *Spirituous Liquors*. Pray, Doctor, will *Gin* be cheaper, or dearer?

Doctor. Cheaper, cheaper, or at leaſt as cheap, my Dear: You may thank Goody *Sandſby* for that.—But without Jeſt;—The *Public Spirit* I meant was, what we in the *City* call a Love for our Country, without any private View; They talk of the ſame Thing at *Weſtminſter*. It is this *Public Spirit*, which brings me here,

here among ye: It is the Good of my Country, which engages me to enter into its *Publick Service*. I come not to impoſe upon ye; for they, who impoſe on the People, whether it be in Phyſic or Politics, are equally *Quacks*. Some Fools have indeed call'd me a Quack: But what is a Quack? A Cheat.—Now ye all know I have diſpens'd my Medicines, I have effected Cures, I have attended ye all, in this very Place for ſeveral Years, and no one ill Thing has been laid to my Charge.——Let any *other Great Man* at Court ſay as much if he can,—I am always the ſame be I where I will: When I am at *Leiceſter-Houſe* I am the ſame Man as when here; or if at St. *J——s*'s, my Packets are the ſame, my Advice is the ſame, and my Speeches to ye are all to the ſame Purpoſe. Had I any private *View*, any *Ambition*, any *Deſire*, but to *ſerve my Country*, I could have gratify'd them.—I am above ſuch paltry Things, as *fooliſh Dignities* and *empty Titles*.—Let *P—rl—t* Men accept *Places*, and deſert their *Cauſe*; let *Commoners* do *pitiful Actions* to become *L—ds*: But let *Dr.* Rock *be ſtill Dr.* Rock. (Where's my Servant?—Here—open the Packet.——)

I don't ſay what I have ſaid out of a *Braggadocio*: No; it is very well known, I have been offer'd Places and Dignities, and Titles, by my *Fellow-Citizens* of *London*, and it is known, that I have *refus'd* them.——I have been twice put up for *Common-Council-Man* of my Ward; and a *Common-Council-Man* is next to an *Alderman*, and an *Alderman* is next to a *Lord-Mayor*.—But how could I ſerve my Country in two Capacities? I am no ſhim-ſham Fellow; To-day this, and To-morrow that—I have told ye, I will *never* deſert ye while I live, and you may believe me.—Was my *Lord-Mayor* to ſend for me for a Plaiſter for his Corns, after I had got into my Chair to come here, I would not go. My *Country's Good* is to be preferr'd to the obliging the greateſt Man that lives,—not excepting the *King* (*God bleſs him*)—Yet perhaps ſome noble Lords, and great Courtiers

Courtiers might ſay, I was a very fooliſh and impudent Fellow for ſaying ſo.

Gentlemen, my Packet is now open, and I may truly ſay, all my Medicines are worth their Weight in Gold. What I ſell for a *Penny*, for *Two-pence*, or *Six-pence*, were worth a *Thouſand Pounds* was I *Phyſician* in *Ordinary*; for they would have *extraordinary* Effects.

This little Box of Pills (Six-pence only, Gentlemen) cures a crazy *Conſtitution*. It works ſtrongly, but it carries off all *vitiated* and *corrupt Habits*; purifies, as well as cleanſes, and gives new Life and Vigour to the whole human Syſtem.——Out of Love to my Country, I communicated this moſt excellent *Noſtrum* to Dr. *M—*, and ſome others of the Faculty: I laid it before the *Sec—t—s* of *St—te*, as a neceſſary *Phyſico-political* Medicine; but it was thought, both by the College and the Stateſmen, as very improper for the Air of St. *James*'s, tho' it has had admirable Effects here in *Covent-Garden*.

Here is my *Tincture* for the *Scurvy* in the *Mouth*.——An excellent, and neceſſary, and uſeful, and agreeable Preparation.—It is impoſſible to enumerate the many ſurpriſing Cures, which this inimitable Tincture has performed. The *Scurvy* in the *Mouth* is a common Malady, which appears in different Shapes, and has different Effects: This is what you call having a *foul Mouth*. This little Bottle has had wondrous Effects in this Market, tho' not equal to my Wiſhes, for there is hardly a good Dame will believe ſhe is troubled with the Diſeaſe, till Juſtice *De Veil* has been conſulted. But would any Gentlewoman when ſhe is diſputing, and the Organs of her Voice are extended through Earneſtneſs, when the Tongue has an *altercative Foulneſs* diſtilling from it,—that is, in *plain Engliſh*, when ſhe begins to call *W—re*, *&c.*—(You all know what I mean) On the firſt Appearance of theſe Symptoms, let the good Lady but take four Drops of this *Tincture*, and hold it in her Mouth two Hours only, and my Life

for

for it, it prevents what might be of fatal Conſequence. Did People know there own Good, and would take Learned Mens Advice, what Benefits would accrue! Gentlefolks, I don't make the Application to this Place only. This *Tincture* taken as before preſcribed, would be of excellent Service in *Weſtminſter-Hall:* It would prevent many a *ſcurvy Speech* in the *H*—of *C*—; and conceal many a *ſcurvy Fellow* in the *H*—of——: To *C*—*rt Chaplains* it would be of excellent Uſe: It will *ſweeten the Breath* of a *B*—*ſh*—*p*, and a K—g may take it for its Safety.

Gentlemen and Ladies, have any of you the *Itch?* Here is a *Chymical Liquor* will cure the moſt ſtubborn Degree of it: That is, the moſt ſtubborn Degree, in common Acceptation. For I will confeſs, that in ſome genteel Caſes it has not the deſired Effect: You ſee I will not impoſe on you.—A Noble Lord ſent to me t'other Day for a Phial to cure my Lady from an *Itch* of *Gaming*; but ſhe loſt a *cool Hundred* that Night. I ſold a Dozen Phials for the Uſe of the E—rl of *C*—*p*—*r*: His Friends recommended them as the moſt excellent *Italian Beautifying Fluid*; but it was to cure his *Itch* for *Fiddling* and *Italian Operas*, yet my Lord ſtill *fiddles*, and ſtill ſubcribes.—The *Itch* of *Rambling* it has no Effect on. A Foreign Gentleman, not a Mile from this Place, married a *great Fortune* here, but he was ſo troubled with the *Itch* of Rambling, his Lady could not keep him by his good Will at Home: He always *itch'd* to be at a little Village beyond Sea: and almoſt every Year would go. I was applied to: I ordered ſeven Dozen Phials, by Way of *Hungary Water*; but, faith, it has made him worſe, it has increaſed the Diſeaſe. He is always calling for that *Hungary Water*, and in troth I hear he is going to take a Trip this Spring.—O! Would it cure the *Itch* of Rambling, what Wife, what Huſband, would be without it? This, then,

Like the Ague in the Spring,
Would be Phyſic for a King.

The

The QUACK: *By* Thomas Rands.

MY Name is Don *Paracelſus de Curiandi*; I live at the Sign of the *Peſtle* and *Mortar* in *Gliſter-Pipe-Lane*, near *Bolus Alley*; my Buſineſs, in this famous Nation, is, to let my Fellow Chriſtians know the excellent Qualifications of my Medicines, which I ſell to the Rich, but give away *gratis* to the Poor.

Imprimis, Is there any old Women amongſt you, who are troubled with the *Pimple-Pamplins*, whoſe Skin is too ſhort for their Bodies, that they cannot ſleep for Farting: See here is my *Antipamphaſtick Powder*, or my *Sovereign Carminick*, which diſcharges *Ventiferious Humours*, of what Kind ſoever, and will reduce you to a Soundneſs of Body in the Twinkling of a *Hobby-Horſe*.

Then ſee! here is my *Balſamum Stobule Swordum*, or an Ointment that's good againſt all Cuts, green or canker'd Wounds. Now, ſuppoſe any honeſt Man amongſt you has hurt, or cut himſelf with either *Sword*, *Gun*, or *Muſket*; *Spit*, *Jack*, or *Grid Iron*; *Glaſs Bottle*, or *Pint-Pot*; by the Help and Application of this my celebrated *Balſam*, they are immediately cured, without giving themſelves the Trouble of ſending for an illiterate Surgeon, who will ſooner cleanſe their Pockets of its Money, than the Wounds of its Infection.

Then, here is my *Unguentum Cataphon*, or an Ointment that's good againſt all *Strains*, *Sprains*, or *Bruiſes*. Now, ſuppoſe any honeſt Farmer amongſt you has ſtrained or ſprained his *Legs*, *Arms*, or *Ancles*, by overlifting himſelf at a *Gate-Poſt*, or *Barn-Door*, *Dung-Pot*, or *Cart-Wheel*, or has got a Fall from a *Hay-Rick*, or a *Barley-Mow*; by the Application of this my *Medicating Unguent*, being properly uſed by Friction, and by the Hand of a Maid of Fifteen, you need not doubt a Cure, my Life to an *Apple-Pye*.

Then, Gentlemen, ſee here is my *Purandos Tankapon Tolos*, that is to ſay, in the *Arabian* Language,

The

The Wonder-working Pills: The excellent Quality o which, is hardly known, even to myſelf; But I car aſſure you, they are good againſt all *Sanguine*, *Melancholy*, *Phlegmatick*, or *Cholerick Humours:* They are *Sudorifick*, *Cathartick*, *Specifick*, *Amaradulfick*, *Abſtergick*, *Mundifick*, and *Apperiatick*.

They purge the Brain from all *Craſſick Cloudifying Humours*, which obſtruct the Senſes of all *Superannuated Maids*. They immediately perform an Articulation of *diſlocated Junctions*. They make the *Curatick Diretick*, and the *Diretick indiretick*, in their Lives and Converſations. They cauſe the Old to appear young the Young handſome, and the Handſome witty.

Take three of theſe Pills in a Morning, *Jejuno Stomacho*, with two Quarts of *Aqua Gruellis*, to force an Operation, by an immediate Evacuation, and you'l poſſeſs a perfect Deliveration from all inordinate Motions of the Mind, as *Trapidity*, *Anger*, *Melancholy Miſtruſt*, or the like.

They immediately diſſipate the Spirit of *Jealouſy* in the Young or Old. Now, ſuppoſe any Perſon, here preſent, is troubled with this grievous and tormenting Diſtemper, and fancies his Wife to be what ſhe is, o what ſhe really may not be, let him take five of theſe Pills, as my printed Paper ſhall give Directions, and attend the Operation; and if he has a juſt Occaſion it will give him juſt five Stools; if, on the contrary it will have no more Operation upon him, than the like Quantity of *Sugar-Candy*.

Theſe wonderful Pills ſtrengthen the *Nerves*, cleanſe the *Urinal Paſſages*, and purge the *Stomach* from all Diſtempers got by crude, raw, and undigeſted Meats In fine, there is no Diſtemper of the Body whatſoever but what theſe Pills will entirely eradicate, tho' it lie lurking in the Maſs of Blood.

I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, only let you know that now is the Time to furniſh yourſelf with my Medicines.

Medicines. The Price of them is ſmall, though the Operation wonderful.

I am none of thoſe Fellows, that ſet an extravagant Value upon themſelves, meerly becauſe they ride upon *ſpotted Horſes*, and expreſs themſelves in ridiculous and unintelligible Terms, to amuſe the Vulgar; but I am the famous Don *Paracelſus*, who, for ſeveral Years, have been known in this famous City; and becauſe I will encourage you to buy, here is my *Antipamphuſtick Powder*, my *Balſamum Stobule Swordum*, my *Unguentum Cataphon*, together with my *Purandos Tankapon Tolos*, and all for the Price of Six-pence. My Medicines have made themſelves and me famous throughout *Aſia*, *Africa*, *Europe*, and *America*. It was I, that cured *Preſtor John*'s Juggler's Wife's Waiting Gentlewoman of a *Fiſtula* in her Elbow, of which ſhe dy'd. It was I, that prevented the Old Woman at *Exeter* from running headlong into a *Wine-Cellar*. It was I, that cured the *Morocco* Embaſſador of a *Lapſa Lingua*. It was me, and only me, that cured the *French* Dancing-Man, at *Amſterdam*, of the *Conſumption* in his Pockets. I am as well known in the *Terra Incognita*, as in any Part of *Europe*, where I perform'd an excellent Cure upon Captain *Nonſuch*, Commander of the *Nonnomen Galley*, who had a *Cannon-Ball* lodged in his little Finger; likewiſe the *Carpenter* of the ſame Ship, who had ſwallowed a *Handſpike*.

I reſided for ſeveral Years in the great City of *Moſcow*; where, by internal Medicines, and by my external and manual Operations, I became more famous among them, than ever the learned *Talicotius* was among the Inhabitants of the Deſerts of *Arabia*; for which Reaſons, the Learned Univerſity of that City was pleaſed to beſtow this Diſtich in Favour of me.

Tantagoros thetow, Philoſophia grandila Moſcow,
Stanſtephon Phyſica, Muſica, Artibus Killcow.

Before I conclude my Diſcourſe, I muſt let you know, that I underſtand and can read the Language

of the *Stars*; and that I resolve all Manner of Lawful Questions; and am profound in *Physiognomy* and *Palmistry*; and that I am commenced Master of the *Mathematicks*, *Geometry*, *Trigonometry*, *Algebra*, *Rhetorick*, *Logick*, and *Plain sailing*.

Gentlemen, and Fellow Christians, my Hours are from Six 'till Seven, from Seven 'till Eleven, and from Eleven all Day.

I.

Here Men of great Sense
At a little Expence,
May furnish themselves with a Packet:
Or if any one's poor,
That has been with a Whore,
For Six-pence he need not to lack it:

II.

Though Money be scant,
Yet Physick you'll want,
If ever you come into Danger:
Then, Beaus, *come and buy it,*
Prove, judge, and try it,
Or privately come to my Chamber.

---

be.

The High German DOCTOR, *and the* English Fool.

Gentlemen,

THO' I am an *English* Fool, yet my Master has the Honour to be a *High German* Physician; who, in his Travels rounds the Universe, has cur'd twelve Foreign Ministers of State of those Twin-Plagues, Bribery and Infidelity; Six Kings of a Tyrannical Fever; the whole Conclave of Cardinals of Pride, Laziness, and Hypocrisy; and the present Pope of the Antichristian Evil.

He

He was alſo three Years Oculiſt to the *German* Spread Eagle, and ſeven Years Operator for the Teeth to the King of *Spain*'s white Elephants: He is not only Learned by his long Studies, but Reverend, as you may ſee by his Beard; and Wiſe, as you may judge by his Silence: He has made himſelf, by his long Travels, an abſolute Maſter of all the Tongues in the whole World, (except the Language of this Kingdom) and at theſe Years has put himſelf into his *Engliſh* A, b, c, in order to make himſelf an univerſal Scholar.

Amongſt the many excellent Medicaments contained in his little Health-preſerving Packet, the firſt Thing that he preſents you with, is this minute *Panpharmacon*, which he calls his *Pilla Infallibilis*, or his Infallible Pill! though 'tis ſo ſmall in Bulk that it is ſcarce diſcernable without a Microſcope, yet, it is ſo mighty in its Operation, that it will raiſe the weakeſt Patient out of his ſick Bed, and make him ſtrong enough in two Minutes, to encounter Conſcience, Death and the Devil.

In the next Place, he communicates to your View his moſt excellent umbellical *Sticking Plaiſter*; which, if applied by the Wife to the Pit of her Huſband's Stomach, diſperſes all Manner of jealous Heart-burnings, prevents the many violent Evils that daily ariſe from that predominant monarchical Diſtemper, ſuch as, Grumbling in the Gizard, Murder, Impriſonment, and the like; theſe, with all their evil Concomitants, it diſperſes in a Moment, and ſo ſtrengthens his Appetite towards Family-Duty, that he will be able to love wonderfully, and beget a miraculous Progeny.

Here is, likewiſe, a Pot of *Mollifying Ointment*, for the ſuppling and ſtretching of narrow and hidebound Conſciences, extraordinary uſeful for all faſhionable Zealots, who are deſirous of making their Religion ſubſervient to their Intereſt; let them but outwardly apply this Balſam every *Saturday* Night, and by *Sunday* Morning they will find themſelves ſuch prevaricating *Chriſtians*, that they may go to Church in the Morn-

ing, and to Meeting in the Afternoon, and return Home as devout Hypocrites, as if they had gone to neither.

Laſtly, To crown the whole Number of his admirable Secrets, here is that rich and excellent Preſervative, as well as Antidote, his *Orvietano*: Take a ſmall Doſe of this next your Heart in a Morning, and you may venture any Time of the Day after into the moſt diſaffected Coffee-houſe in *London*, without the Danger of being poiſon'd with rebellious Principles: It *expels* all *Low-Country Schiſm* by a Belch; carries off all *Diſloyalty* in a Fart; and is the beſt Reſtorative to ſtrengthen weak Faith, and decay'd Allegiance, that ever was yet diſcover'd ſince the Fall of *Adam*.

And all theſe Medicines, contained in this little Packet, the Doctor, through his Bounty to the Publick, is willing to let you have for the ſmall Value of Six-pence.

The Infallible MOUNTEBANK: *Or*, QUACK DOCTOR.

SEE! Sirs, ſee here!
A Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here, take my Bills,
I cure all Ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come;
The Cramp, the Stitch,
The Squirt, the Itch,
The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs,
The Bonny Scrubs,
And all *Pandora*'s Box.
Thouſands I've diſſected,
Thouſands new erected,
And ſuch Cures effected,
As none ere can tell.
Let the Palſy ſhake ye,
Let the Cholick rack ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, and you are well.
Come Wits, ſo keen,
Devour'd with Spleen,
Come *Beaus* who ſprain'd your Backs;
Big-belly'd Maids,
Old founder'd Jades,
And pepper'd Vizar'd Cracks.
I ſoon remove
The Pains of Love,
And

And cure the Love-ſick
Maid;
The Hot, the Cold,
The Young, the Old,
The Living and the Dead;
I clear the Laſs,
With wainſcot-Face,
And from Pimginets free,
Plump Ladies red,
Like *Sarazan*'s Head,
With toaping *Rattafé*;
This with a Jirk,
Will do your Work,
And ſcour you o're, and
o're;
Read, judge, and try,
And if you die,
Never believe me more.

Pharmacopola Circumforaneus: *Or, The* Horse Doctor's *Harangue to the credulous Mob.*

Gentlemen,

I *Waltho Van Claturbank, High-German* Doctor, Chymiſt and Dentrificator, Native of *Arabia Deſerta*, Citizen and Burgomaſter of the City of *Brandipolis*, Seventh Son of the Seventh Son Unborn Doctor, of above ſixty Years Experience, having ſtudied over *Galen*, *Hypocrates*, *Albumazar*, and *Paracelſus*, am now become the *Æſculapius* of this Age. Having been educated at twelve Univerſities, and travelled through fifty two Kingdoms, and been Counſellor to the Counſellors of ſeveral Monarchs, Natural Son to the Wonder-working Chymical Doctor Signior *Haneſio*, lately arrived from the fartheſt Parts of *Utopia*, famous throughout *Aſia*, *Africa*, *Europe* and *America*, from the Sun's Oriental Exaltation, to his Occidental Declination; out of meer Pity to my own dear ſelf and languiſhing Mortals, have, by the earneſt Prayers and Intreaties of ſeveral Lords, Earls, Dukes, and Honourable Perſonages, been at laſt prevail'd upon to oblige the World with this Notice.

That all Perſons, Young and Old, Blind or Lame, Deaf or Dumb, Curable or Incurable, may know where to repair for Cure, in all Cephalalgias, Paralitick Paraxyſms, Palpitations of the Pericardium, Empyemas

Syncopes, and Naiſieties, ariſing either from a Plethory, or a Cacochymy, Vertiginous Vapours, Hydiocephalous Diſſenteries, Odontalgick or Podagrical Inflammations, Iliac Paſſions. Hyſterical Effuſions, Exanthemata, the Hen-pox, the Hog-pox, the Whores-pox, and the Small-pox; the Aſcites, Tympanites, Anaſarca, and the entire Legion of Lethiferous Diſtempers.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I have a never-failing Stiptick, corroborating, odoriferous, anodinous, balſamic Balſam of Balſams, made of dead Mens Fat, Roſin, and Gooſe-Greaſe, which infallibly reſtores loſt Maidenheads, raiſes demoliſh'd Noſes, and by its abſterſive coſmetic Quality, preſerves ſuperannuated Bawds from Wrinkles.

Item, I have the true Carthamophra of the Triple Kingdom, never-failing Heliogenes, being the Tincture of the Sun, deriving Vigour, Influence and Dominion from the ſame Light; it cauſes all Complexions to laugh or ſmile, at the Time of taking it; is ſeven Years in preparing, and being compleated, *ſecundum Artem*, by Fermentation, Cohobation, Calcination, Sublimation, Fixation, Philtration, Circulation, and Quidlibitification, in *Balneo Mariæ*, Crucible and Fixatory, the Athanor, Cucurbita, and Reverberatory, is the only Sovereign Medicine in the World.

This is Nature's Palladium, Health's Magazine: It works ſeven Manner of Ways, in order as Nature herſelf requires, for it ſcorns to be confin'd to any particular Way of Operation; ſo that it effecteth the Cure, either Hypnotically, Hydrotically, Cathartically, Poppiſmatically, Hydrogogically, Pneumatically, or Synechdochically; it mundifies the Hypogaſtrium, wipes off abſterſively thoſe tenacious conglomerated ſedimental Sordes, that adhere to the Oeſophagus and Viſcera; extinguiſhes all ſupernatural Fermentations and Ebullitions; and, in fine, annihilates all Noſotrophical Morbific Ideas of the whole Corporeal Compages.

A Dram of it is worth a Buſhel of *March* Duſt: For if a Man chance to have his Brains beat out, or his Head

Head chopp'd off, two Drops, I ſay, two Drops, Gentiemen, ſeaſonably apply'd, will recal the fleeting Spirits, reinthrone the depoſed Arteries, cement the Diſcontinuity of the Parts, and in ſix Minutes reſtore the Lifeleſs Trunk to all its priſtine Functions, Vital, Natural, and Animal; ſo that this, believe me, Gentlemen, is the only ſovereign Remedy in the World.

I have the chiefeſt Antepudenda Gragran Specifick in *Venus*'s Regalia, which infallibly cures the *French* Pox, with all its Train of Gonorrheas, Buboes and Shankers, Carnoſities, Phymoſis, Paraphymoſis, Chriſtalline Priapiſmus, Caudalomata, and Ragades, without Baths and Stoves, and that with as much Pleaſure, as the ſame was contracted; ſo that 'tis worth any Perſon's while to get the Diſtemper once a Fortnight, if it be to be had for Love or Money, to enjoy the Benefit of ſo diverting a Remedy.

I have the Panchymagogon of *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, an incomparable Spagyric Tincture of the Moon's Horns, which is the only infallible Antidote againſt the Contagion of Cuckoldom.

Beſides my *Vermifugus Pulvis*, or Antivermatical Worm-conquering Powder, ſo famous for deſtoying all Sorts of them, incident to human Bodies, breaking their complicated Knots in the Duodenum, and diſſolving the Phlegmatic Crudities that produce theſe Anthropohagous Vermin; it hath brought away Worms by Urine, as long as the May-pole in the *Strand*, when it flouriſhed in its primitive Prolixity, though, I confeſs, not altogether ſo thick.

Look ye, Gentlemen, I have it under the Hands and Seals of all the greateſt Sultans, Sophies, Baſhas, Viziers, Chams, Seraſquires, and Muſties, *&c.* in Chriſtendom, to verificate the Truth of my Operations, that I have actually perform'd ſuch Cures, as are really beyond human Abilities.

I cur'd *Preſter John*'s Godmother, to the Admiration of all the Court, of a ſtupendous Dolour about the *Os*

Sacrum,

Sacrum, ſo that the good old Lady really fear'd the Perdition of her Huckle-bone; I did it by fomenting her Poſteriors with a Mummy of Nature, *alias*, *Pilgrims Salve*, mix'd up with the Spirit of Mugwort, tartaragraphated thorough an Alembic of Chriſtalline Tranſfluency.

Thence I was ſent for to Sultan *Gilgon*, Deſpote of *Boſnia*, who was violently afflicted with the *Spaſmus*. He came to meet me three hundred Leagues in a Go-Cart: But I gave him ſo ſpeedy an Acquittance of his Dolour, that the next Night I caus'd him to dance a *Saraband*, with Flipflaps and Somerſets.

I reſtor'd Virility, and the Comforts of Generation to above an hundred and fifty Eunuchs in the Grand Signior's Seraglio; and by a Pair of prolific Pills, lately cauſed a *Vintner*'s Widow, who had been barren all her Days, to conceive of a Man-Child, in the twelfth Luſtre of her Age, without the Help of her Huſband.

I cur'd likewiſe the Dutcheſs of *Boromolpho* of a Cramp in her Tongue; and the Count *de Rodomontado Corrept* of an Illiac Paſſion, contracted by eating butter'd Parſnips.

I alſo cur'd an Alderman of *Grand Cairo*, who had been ſick ſeven Years of the Plague, in forty ſix Minutes; and by the like Empyrical Remedies I lately cur'd Duke *Philorix* of a Dropſy, of which he died.

Venienti occurrite Morbo, Down with your Duſt; *Principiis obſta*, no Cure, no Money; *Querenda Pecunia primum*, be not ſick too late.

You that are willing to render yourſelves immortal, buy this Packet; or elſe repair to the Sign of the Prancers, in Vico vulgo dicto Rattlecliffero, *ſomething South-Eaſt of the* Templum Danicum, *in the Square of* Profound Cloſe, *not far from* Titter-Tatter Fair, *and you may ſee, hear, and return* Re infectâ.

The

The Harangue, *or* Quack Speech *of* T. Jones, *at* York.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

YOU that have a Mind to preſerve your own and your Families Health, may here, at the Expence of a Two-penny Piece, furniſh yourſelves with a Packet which contains ſeveral Things of great Uſe, and wonderful Operation in human Bodies, againſt all Diſtempers whatſoever.

Gentlemen, becauſe I preſent myſelf among you, I would not have you to think, I am any Upſtart Gliſter-pipe Bum-peeping Apothecary; no, Gentlemen, I am no ſuch Perſon: I am a regular Phyſician, and have travelled moſt Kingdoms in the World, purely to do my Country good. I am not a Perſon, that takes Delight, as a great many do, to fill your Ears with hard Words, in telling you the Nature of *Turpet Mineral*, *Mercurii Dulcis*, *Balſamum Capiviet*, *Aſtringents*, *Laxations*, *Harboundations*, *Circulations*, *Vibrations*, *Salivations*, *Excoriations*, *Scaldations*, or *Urinations*. Theſe Quacks may fitly be called *Solimites*, becauſe they preſcribe only one Sort of Phyſick for all Diſtempers, that is a Vomit.

If a Man has bruized his Elbow, *Take a Vomit*, ſays the Doctor. If he has *any Corns*; *Take a Vomit*. If he has torn his Coat; *Take a Vomit*. For the *Jaundice*, *Fevers*, *Flux*, *Gripes*, *Gout*, *Stone*, *Pox*, nay, even the Diſtempers, that only my Friend, the famous Dr. *Tuff*, whom you all know, as the *Hecognicles*, *Marthambles*, the *Moon-Paul*, and the *Strong-Fives*, *A Vomit tantum*. *Gentlemen*, theſe Impoſtors value killing a Man, no more than I value drawing an old Stump of a Tooth, which has long troubled any of you; ſo that, I ſay, they are a Pack of *Tag-Rag*, *Aſſafætida*, *Gliſter-pipe Doctors*.

Now, Gentlemen, having given you a ſhort Account of this ſpurious Race, I ſhall preſent you with my Cordial

dial Pills, being the Tincture of the Sun, having Dominion from the ſame Light, giving Relief and Comfort to all Mankind: They cauſe all Complexions to laugh or ſmile, in the very taking them; they preſently cure all Dizzineſs, Swimming, Dulneſs in the Head, and Scurvy.

In the next Place, I recommend to you my incomparable Balſam, which heals all Sores, Cuts, Ulcers, new and old. 'Tis good for Burns, Scalds, Swellings, Bruizes, Strains, Aches, Weakneſs in the Joints and Limbs, *&c.* it cures the King's-Evil, ſore Breaſts, and ſcald Heads; and it is taken inwardly for a Cough, Conſumption, ſhort Breath, Weakneſs of the Back, or any inward Hurt.

The next unparallel'd Medicine contained in this my Packet, is an admirable Electuary, celebrated throughout all *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*. It cures all curable Diſeaſes, by very eaſy and gentle purging; it cauſes an Appetite, helps all Diſtempers in the Eyes, Face, ſwell'd Lips; and opens the Stoppage of the Liver and Spleen, *&c.*

The next I preſent you with, is my Specifick, which certainly cures all Agues in a Minute.

The next is my red Plaiſter, which radically cures the moſt inveterate Rheumatiſm and Gout in a few Days Time.

The laſt, and moſt uſeful Medicine prepared throughout the whole World, is this, my *Pulvis Catharticus*: Its Virtues are ſuch, it will, equally with the Unicorn's Horn, expel the rankeſt Poiſon; 'tis a perfect, ſafe, and ſpeedy Cure, for all Venereal Maladies, of what Degree ſoever, and fortifies the Heart againſt all Fainting.

I do aſſure you, Country Folk, theſe Medicines are as good as any Phyſician can make, or Patient take; their Virtues are too well known, to ſay any more; ſo I ſhall leave you to experience them. And ſo I wiſh you Health and Happineſs.

You may come to my Lodgings, at the Barber's Pole *and* Stone Gate, *at Home, from Seven to Eleven.*

To all Gentlemen, Ladies *and others, whether of City, Town, or Country,* ALEXANDER BENDO *wiſheth all Health and Proſperity.*

WHereas this famous Metropolis of *England*, (and, were the Endeavours of its worthy Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit and Virtue, I ſhould not ſtick to denounce it in a ſhort Time the Metropolis of the whole World:) Whereas, I ſay, this City (as moſt great ones are) has ever been infeſted with a numerous Company of ſuch, whoſe arrogant Confidence, back'd with their Ignorance, has enabled them to impoſe upon the People, either by premeditated Cheats, or at beſt, the palpable, dull, and empty Miſtakes of their ſelf-deluded Imagination in Phyſick, Chymical and Galenic, in Aſtrology, Phyſiognomy, Palmiſtry, Mathematics, Alchymy, and even in Government itſelf: The laſt of which, I will not propoſe to diſcourſe of, or meddle at all in, ſince it no Way belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the reſt do; which (Thanks to my God) I find much more ſafe, I think equally honeſt, and therefore more profitable.

But as to all the former, they have been ſo erroneouſly practis'd by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Needineſs for the moſt Part, (if not the reſtleſs Itch of deceiving) has forc'd to ſtraggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Profeſſions themſelves, tho' originally the Products of the moſt learned and wiſe Mens laborious Studies and Experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come, ſeem, by this Baſtard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wiſdom, Learning, Perſpicuouſneſs, and Truth, with which they were ſo plentifully ſtock'd; and now run into a Repute of

of meer Miſts, Imaginations, Errors and Deceits, ſuch as, in the Management of theſe idle Profeſſors, indeed they were.

You will therefore, (I hope) Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, deem it but juſt, that I, who for ſome Years have with all Faithfulneſs and Aſſiduity courted theſe Arts, and received ſuch ſignal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themſelves, and truſted me with their greateſt Secrets, ſhould, with an Earneſtneſs and Concern more than ordinary, take their Parts againſt theſe impudent Fops, whoſe ſaucy impertinent Addreſſes and Pretenſions have brought ſuch a Scandal upon their moſt immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Beſides, I hope you will not think that I could be ſo impudent, that if I had intended any ſuch foul Play myſelf, that I would have given you ſo fair Warning by my ſevere Obſervations upon others. *Qui alterum incuſat Probi, ipſum ſe intueri opertet*, (Plaut.) However, Gentlemen, in a World like this, where Virtue is ſo exactly counterfeited, and Hypocriſy ſo generally taken Notice of, that every one (arm'd with Suſpicion) ſtands upon his Guard againſt it, 'twill be very hard, for a Stranger eſpecially, to eſcape Cenſure. All I ſhall ſay for myſelf on this Score, is this; *If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the Sake of that, chiefly, ought I to be conſtrued a true Man*, who is the Counterfeits Example, his Original, and that, which he employs his Induſtry and Pains to imitate and copy. It is, therefore, my Fault, if the Cheat, by his Wits and Endeavours, makes himſelf ſo like me, that conſequently I cannot avoid reſembling him? Conſider, pray, the Valiant, and the Coward; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt, the Politician and the Fool, they are the ſame in many Things, and differ but in *one* alone: The valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it; ſo does the Coward: *One* only Point of Honour

Honour excepted, and that's Courage, which (like falſe Metal, one only Trial can diſcover) makes the Diſtinction.

The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Richeſt, whilſt Paper and Credit are current Coin: That which makes the Difference is real Caſh; a great Defect, indeed! and yet but *one*, and that the laſt found out, and ſtill, till then, the leaſt perceived.

Now for the Politician: He is a grave, deliberating, cloſe, prying Man: Pray, are there not grave, beliberating, cloſe, prying Fools?

If then, the Difference betwixt all theſe (though infinite in Effect) be ſo nice in all Appearance, will you expect it ſhould be otherwiſe betwixt the falſe Phyſician, Aſtrologer, *&c.* and the true? The firſt calls himſelf learned Doctor, ſends forth his Bills, gives Phyſick and Counſel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do juſt as much: 'Tis only your Experience muſt diſtinguiſh betwixt them; to which I willingly ſubmit myſelf. I'll only ſay ſomething of the Honour of the Mountebank, in caſe you diſcover me to be one.

Reflect a little, what kind of Creature it is: He is one, then, who is fain to ſupport ſome higher Ability than he pretends to by Craft: He draws great Companies to him by undertaking great Things, which can never be effected. The Politician (by his Example no doubt) finding how the People are taken with ſpecious miraculous Impoſſibilities, plays the ſame Game, proteſts, declares, promiſes, I know not what, Things, which he is ſure can never be brought about: The People believe, are deluded, and pleaſed; the Expectation of a future Good, which ſhall never befal them, draws their Eyes off from a preſent Evil. Thus are they kept and eſtabliſhed in Subjection. Peace and Obedience; he in Greatneſs, Wealth, and Power. So you ſee the Politician is, and muſt be, a *Mountebank*, in State Affairs; and the *Mountebank*, no doubt, if he

thrives, is an errant *Politician* in Phyſick. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly, at this Time, to ſerve my Country.

Firſt, I will (by the Leave of God) perfectly cure that *Labes Britannica*, or *Grand Engliſh Diſeaſe*, the *Scurvy*; and that with ſuch Eaſe to my Patient, that he ſhall not be ſenſible of the leaſt Inconveniency, whilſt I ſteal his Diſtemper from him. I know there are many, who treat this Diſeaſe with *Mercury*, *Antimony*, *Spirits*, and *Salts*, being dangerous Remedies, in which I ſhall meddle very little, and with great Caution; but by more ſecure, gentle, and leſs fallible Medicines, together with the Obſervation of ſome few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the *Patient*, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as Looſeneſs of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains and Laſſitude in the Limbs and Joints, eſpecially the Legs. And to ſay true, there are few Diſtempers in this Nation, that are not, or at leaſt proceed not originally from the *Scurvy*; which were it well rooted out, (as I make no Queſtion to do it from all thoſe who ſhall come into my Hands) there would not be heard of ſo many Gouts, Aches, Dropſies, and Conſumptions; nay, even thoſe thick and ſlimy Humours, which generate Stones in the Kidneys and Bladder, are for the moſt Part Off-ſprings of the *Scurvy*. It would prove tedious to ſet down all its malignant Race; but thoſe who addreſs themſelves here, ſhall be ſtill inform'd by me of the Nature of their Diſtempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: So will all reaſonable People be ſatisfy'd, that I treat them with Care, Honeſty and Underſtanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocations rather myſterious, than uſeful and ſatisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Diſeaſes and Diſtempers; it behoves a *Phyſician*, I am ſure, to underſtand them all; but, if any one come to me (as I think

think there are few that have eſcaped my *Practice*) I ſhall not be aſhamed to own to my *Patient* where I find myſelf to ſeek; and, at leaſt, he ſhall be ſecure with me from having Experiments try'd upon him; a Privilege he can never hope to enjoy either in the Hands of the grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in thoſe of the leſſer Quacks and Mountebanks.

It is thought fit, that I aſſure you of great Secrecy, as well as Care in Diſeaſes, where it is requiſite, whether Venereal, or other; as ſome peculiar to Women, the Green-ſickneſs, Weakneſs, Inflammations, or Obſtructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, *&c.* for I would put no Word in my Bill, that bears any unclean Sound; it is enough that I make myſelf underſtood: I have ſeen Phyſicians Bills, as bawdy as *Aretine*'s Dialogues, which no Man that walks wearily before God can approve of; but I cure all Suffocations in thoſe Parts, producing Fits of the Mother, Convulſions, nocturnal Inquietudes, and other ſtrange Accidents, not fit to be ſet down here; perſuading young Women very often, that their Hearts are like to break for Love, when, God knows, the Diſtemper lies far enough from that Place.

I have likewiſe got the Knowledge of a great Secret to cure Barrenneſs, (proceeding from any accidental Cauſe, as it often falls out, and no natural Defect; for Nature is eaſily aſſiſted, difficultly reſtor'd, but impoſſible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himſelf had firſt created and beſtow'd it) which I have made uſe of for many Years with great Succeſs, eſpecially this laſt Year, wherein I have cur'd one Woman that had been married twenty Years, and another Woman, that had been married one and twenty Years and two Women, that had been three Times married as I can make appear by the Teſtimonies of ſeveral Perſons of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and other Places thereabouts. The Medicines I uſe cleanſe and ſtrengthen the Womb, and are all to be taken in the Space of ſe-

ven Days. And becauſe I do not intend to deceive any Perſon, upon Diſcourſe with them, I will tell them whether I am like do do them any Good. My uſual Contract is, to receive one Half of what is agreed upon, when the Party ſhall be quick with Child, the other Half, when ſhe is brought to Bed.

Cures of this Kind I have done ſignal, and many; for the which, I doubt not, but I have the good Wiſhes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had elſe pin'd out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Eſtates and Poſſeſſions to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Aſtrological Predictions, Phyſiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwiſe, (Palmiſtry I have no Faith in, becauſe there can be no Reaſon alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their conſiderable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, and to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying Hold of Advantages that might offer themſelves; I ſay, my own Practice has convinc'd me more, than all the ſage and wiſe Writings extant of thoſe Matters; for I might ſay this of myſelf, (did it not look like Oſtentation) that I have very ſeldom fail'd in my Predictions, and often been very ſerviceable in my Advice. How far I am capable in this Way, I am ſure is not fit to be deliver'd in Print: Thoſe who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I ſuppoſe, come to me about it; ſuch as have, I make no Queſtion of giving them ample Satisfaction.

Nor will I be aſham'd to ſet down here my Willingneſs to practiſe rare Secrets (tho' ſomewhat collateral to my Profeſſion) for the Help, Conſervation and Augmentation of Beauty and Comelineſs; a Thing, created firſt by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better Eſtabliſhment of mutual Love between Man and Woman; for when God had beſtow'd on Man the Power of Strength and Wiſdom,

and

and thereby render'd Woman liable to the Subjection of his abſolute Will, it ſeem'd but requiſite that ſhe ſhould be endued, likewiſe, in Recompence, with ſome Quality, that might beget in him Admiration of her, and ſo enforce his Tenderneſs and Love.

The Knowledge of theſe Secrets I gather'd in my Travels Abroad, (where I have ſpent my Time ever ſince I was fifteen Years old, to this my nine and twentieth Year) in *France* and *Italy*. Thoſe that have travelled in *Italy*, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there aſſiſt Nature in the Preſervation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the ſame Countenance with thoſe of Fifteen: Ages are there no Ways diſtinguiſh'd by Faces; whereas here in *England*, look a Horſe in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you preſently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you ſuch Remedies, that, without deſtroying your Complexion, (as moſt of your Paints and Daubings do) ſhall render them purely fair, clearing and preſerving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, Pimples, and Marks of the Small-pox, or any other accidental ones, ſo the Face be not ſeam'd or ſcar'd.

I will alſo cleanſe and preſerve your Teeth white, and round as Pearls, faſtening them that are looſe: Your Gums ſhall be kept entire, as red as Coral; your Lips of the ſame Colour, and ſoft as you could wiſh your lawful Kiſſes.

I will likewiſe adminiſter that which ſhall cure the worſt of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally periſhed and impoſthumated; as alſo certain and infallible Remedies for thoſe whoſe Breaths are yet untainted; ſo that nothing but either a very long Sickneſs, or Old Age itſelf, ſhall ever be able to ſpoil them.

I will beſides (if it be deſir'd) take away from their Fatneſs, who have overmuch, and add Fleſh to thoſe that want it, without the leaſt Detriment to their Conſtitutions.

Now, ſhould *Galen* himſelf look out of his Grave, and tell me theſe were Baubles below the Profeſſion of a Phyſician, I would boldly anſwer him, that I take more Glory in preſerving God's Image, in its unblemiſh'd Beauty upon one good Face, than I ſhould do in patching up all the decay'd Carcaſſes in the World.

They that will do *me* the Favour to come to me, ſhall be ſure, from Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, till Eight at Night, at my Lodging in *Tower Street*, next Door to the Sign of the *Black Swan*, at a Goldſmith's Houſe, to find

Their humble Servant,

ALEXANDER BENDO.

Theſaurum & Talentum ne abſcondas in Agro.

JOSEPH HAINS's SPEECH, *High-German Doctor, and Aſtrologer, in* Brandipolis.

Hoc juris publici in communem utilitatem publicum fecit.

WHO, by the Bleſſing of *Æſculapius* on his great Pains, Travels, and nocturnal Lucubrations, has attain'd to a greater Share of Knowledge, than any Perſon before him was ever known to do.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I preſent you with my Univerſal Solutive, or *Cathartick Elixir*, which corrects all *Cacochymick* and *Cachexical* Diſeaſes of the Inteſtines, cures all internal and external Diſeaſes, all vertiginous Vapours, *Hydrocephalous* Giddineſs or Swimming of the Head, Epileptick Fits, Flowing of the Gall, Stoppage of Urine, Ulcers in the Womb and Bladder; with many other Diſtempers, not hitherto diſtinguiſhed by Name.

Secondly,

Secondly, My *friendly Pill*, call'd *The never-failing Heliogenes*, being the Tincture of the Sun, and deriving Vigour, Influence, and Dominion from the ſame Light: It cauſes all Complexions to laugh or ſmile, even in the very Time of taking it; which it affects, by dilating and expanding the Gelaſtick Muſcles, firſt of all diſcovered by *myſelf*. It dulcifies the whole Maſs of Blood; maintains its Circulation, reforms the Digeſtion of the *Chylon*, fortifies the Opthalmick Nerves, clears the *Officina Intelligentiæ*, corrects the Exorbitancy of the Spleen, mundifies the *Hypogaſtrium*, comforts the Sphincter, and is an excellent Remedy againſt the *Proſopo-Cloroſis*, or Green Sickneſs, Sterility, and all Obſtructions whatever. They operate ſeven ſeveral Ways, in order as Nature herſelf requires; for they ſcorn to be confin'd to any particular Way of *Operation*, viz. *Hypnotically*, by throwing the Party into a gentle Slumber; *Hydrotically*, by their Operative Faculty, in opening the *Interſtitia Pororum*; *Cathartically*, by cleanſing the Bowels of all Crudities and tartarous Mucilage, with which they abound; *Proppyſmatically*, by forcing the Wind downward; *Hydragogically*, by exciting Urine; *Pneumatically*, by exhilerating the Spirits; and laſtly, *Synechdochically*, by corroborating the whole *Oeconomia Animalis*. There are twenty or more in every Tin-Box, ſeal'd with my Coat of Arms, which are, *Three Gliſter-Pipes erect*, Gules, *in a Field*, Argent; my Creſt, *a bloody Hand out of a Mortar*, Emergent; and my Supporters, *a Chymiſt and an Apothecary*. This *Tinctura Solaris*, or moſt noble Off-ſpring of *Hyperion*'s Golden Influence, wipes off abſterſively all thoſe tenacious, conglomerated, ſedimental Sordes, that adhere to the Oeſophagus and Viſcera, extinguiſhes all ſupernatural Ferments and Ebullitions; and, in fine, annihilates all the noſotropical, or morbifick Ideas of the whole corporeal *Compages*.

Thirdly, My *Panagion Outacouſticon*, or auricular Reſtorative: Were it poſſible to ſhew me a Man ſo deaf, that

that if a Demi-culverin were to be let off under his Ear, and he could not hear the Report; yet theſe infallible Drops (firſt invented by the two famous *Phyſician* Brothers, St. *Coſmus*, and St. *Damian*, call'd the *Anargyri*, in the antient *Greek Menologies*, and ſome forty Years ago communicated to me by *Anaſtaſio Logotheti*, a *Greek* Coloyr at *Adrianople*, when I was invited into thoſe Parts to cure Sultan *Mahomet* IV. of an Elephantiaſis in his Diaphragm) he would recover his auditive Faculty, and hear as ſmartly as an old fumbling Prieſt, when a young Wench gives him Account of her loſt Maidenhead at the Confeſſional.

Fourthly, My *Anodyne Spirit*, excellent to eaſe Pain, when taken inwardly, and applied outwardly, excellent for any Lameneſs, Shrinking or Contraction of the Nerves; for Eyes, Deafneſs, Pain and Noiſe in the Ears; and all odontalgick, as well as podagrical Inflammations.

Fifthly, My *Antidotus Antivenerialis*; which effectually cures all Gonorrheas, Carnoſities in the delinquent Part, Tumours, *Phymoſis*, *Paraphymoſis*, *Chryſtalline*, *Priapiſms*, *Hemorrhoids*, *Cantillamata*, *Regades*, *Bubos*, *Impoſthumations*, *Carbuncles*, *genicular Nodes*, and the like, without either Baths or Stoves, as alſo without *Mercury*, ſo often deſtructive to the poor Patient, with that Privacy, that the neareſt Relations ſhall not perceive it.

Sixthly, My *pectoral Lozenges*, or *Balſam* of *Balſams*, which effectually carries off windy Coughs, ſpitting of Blood, Wheezing in the *Larynx*, and *Pthyaliſmus*, let it be never ſo inveterate.

Seventhly, and *laſtly*, My *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or *Antivermatick Powder*, brings up the Rear, ſo famous for killing and bringing away all Sorts of Worms incident to human Bodies, breaking their complicated Knots in the Duodenum, and diſſolving the phlegmatick Crudities, that produce Anthropophagous Vermin. It has brought away, by Urine, Worms, as long as the *May-*

pole

pole in the *Strand*, when it flouriſh'd in its primitive Prolixity, though, I confeſs, not altogether ſo thick. In ſhort, 'tis a ſpecifick Catholicon for the Cholick, expels Winds by Eructation, or otherwiſe; accelerates Digeſtions, and creates an Appetite to a Miracle.

I dexterouſly couch the Cataract or Suffuſion, extirpate Wens of the greateſt Magnitude, cloſe up Hair-Lips, whether treble or quadruple; cure the Polypus upon the Noſe, and all ſcrophulous Tumours, Cancers in the Breaſt, *Noli me tangeres*, St. *Anthony*'s Fire, by my new invented *Unguentum Antipyreticum*, Excreſcences, or ſuperfluous Fleſh in the Mouth of the Bladder, or Womb; I take the Stone from Women or Maids, without cutting.

I have Steel-Truſſes, and Inſtruments of a new Invention, together with never-failing Medicines and Methods to cure Ruptures, and knit the Peritonæum. And here I cannot forbear to communicate an uſeful Piece of Knowledge to the World, which is, that which the learn'd *Villipandus*, in his excellent Treatiſe, *De congrubilitate materiæ primæ, cum confeſſione Auguſtanâ.* I take a Rupture to be a Relaxation of the natural Cavities, at the Bottom of the cremaſter Muſcles. But this, *en paſſant*, I forge all myſelf; nay, my very Machines for ſafe and eaſy drawing of Teeth and obſcure Stumps. Mrs. *Little-hand*, Midwife to the Princeſs of *Phlegethon*, can ſufficiently inform the Women of my Helps, and what I do for the Diſruption of the Fundament and Uterus, and other ſtrange Infirmities of the Matrix, occaſioned by the bearing of Children, violent Coughing, heavy Work, *&c.* which I challenge any Perſon in the *Acherontick* Dominions to perform but myſelf.

If any Woman be unwilling to ſpeak to me, they may have the Conveniency of ſpeaking to my Wife, who is expert in all feminine Diſtempers. She has an excellent Coſmetick Water to carry off Freckles, Sun-burn, or Pimples; and a curious red Pomatum

to

to plump, and colour the Lips, She can make red Hair, as white as a Lilly; ſhe ſhapes the Eye-brows to a Miracle, and makes low Foreheads, as high as you pleaſe; ſhe has a famous never-failing Remedy for offenſive Breaths, a famous Eſſence to correct the ill Scent of the Arm-pits, a rich Water, that makes the Hair curl, a moſt delicate Paſte to ſmooth and whiten the Hands; alſo,

A rare Secret, that takes away all Warts,
From the Face, Hands, Fingers, and Privy Parts.

Thoſe, who are not able to come to me, let them ſend their Urine, eſpecially that made after Midnight; and, on Sight of it, I will tell them what their Diſtemper is, and whether curable, or no. Nay, let a Man be in never ſo perfect Health of Body, his Conſtitution never ſo vigorous and athletical, if he ſhews me his Water, I can as infallibly predict what Diſtemper will firſt attack him, though perhaps it will be thirty or forty Years hence, as an Aſtronomer, by the Rules of his Science, can foretel Solar or Lunar Eclipſes the Year before they happen. I have predicted miraculous Things by the Pulſe, far above any Philoſopher. By it, I not only diſcover the Circumſtances of the Body, but if the Party be a Woman, I can foretel how many Huſbands and Children ſhe ſhall have; if a Tradeſman, whether his Wife will fortify his Forehead with Horns; and ſo of the reſt. This is not all, but I will engage to tell any ſerious Perſons what their Buſineſs is, on every radical Figure, before they ſpeak one Word; what has already happened to them from their very Infancy, down to the individual Hour of their conſulting me; what their preſent Circumſtances are; what will happen to them hereafter; in what Part of the Body they have Moles, and what Colour and Magnitude they are of; and laſtly, how profited, that is, whether they culminate Equinoctially or Horizontally upon the

Meſo-

Mesogastrium, from which Place alone, and no other, as the profound *Trismegistus* has observed before me, in his elaborate Treatise *de erroribus Styli Gregoriani*, all solid Conjectures are to be form'd.

I have likewise attain'd to the green, golden, and black Dragon, known to none but Magicians and hermetick Philosophers; I tell the Meaning of all magical Panticles, Sigils, Charms, and Lameness, and have a Glass and further Help to Marriage; and what is more, by my Learning and great Travels, I have obtain'd the true and perfect Seed and Blossom of the *Female Fern*; and infinitely improv'd that great Traveller Major *John Coke*'s famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth. The Spring being already advanc'd, which is the properest Season for preventing new, and renewing old Distempers, neglect not this Opportunity.

My Hours are from Nine till Twelve in the Morning, and from Two in the Afternoon, till Nine at Night, every Day in the Week, except on the real Christian Sabbath, *call'd* Saturday.

It may be of Use to keep this Advertisement.

The HARANGUE of Robert Wilmore.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

BEHOLD this little Viol, which contains in its narrow Bounds what the whole Universe cannot purchase, if sold to its true Value. This admirable, this miraculous Elixir, drawn from the Hearts of Mandrakes, Phœnix-Livers, and Tongues of Mermaids, and distill'd by contracted Sun-Beams, has besides

ſides the unknown Virtue of curing all Diſtempers both of Mind and Body, that divine one of animating the Heart of Man to that Degree, that however remiſs, cold, and cowardly by Nature, he ſhall become vigorous and brave. O ſtupid and inſenſible Man! when Honour and ſecure Renown invites you, to treat it with Neglect, even when you need but paſſive Valour to become the Heroes of the Age! receive a thouſand Wounds, each of which would let out fleeting Life, here's that can ſnatch the parting Soul in its full Career, and bring it back to its native Manſion, baffles grim Death, and diſappoints even Fate!

Gentlemen, If any of you here preſent was at Death's Door, here's this, my Divine Elixir, will give you Life again.

This will recover whole Fields of Slain,
And all the Fields ſhall riſe, and fight again.

'Twas this, that made the *Roman* Legions numerous, and now makes *France* ſo formidable; and this alone may be the Occaſion of the Loſs of *Germany*.

Come, Gentlemen, buy this *Coward*'s *Comfort*, quickly buy: What Fop would be abus'd, mimick'd, and ſcorn'd, for Fear of Wounds, that can be ſo eaſily cur'd? Who is it would bear the Inſolence and Pride of domineering great Men, proud Officers, or Magiſtrates? Or who would cringe to Stateſmen out of Fear? What Cully wou'd be cuckolded? What fooliſh Heir undone by cheating Gameſters? What Lord would be lampoon'd? What Poet fear the Malice of his Satyrical Brother? Or Atheiſt fear to fight, for Fear of Death? Come buy my Coward's Comfort, quickly buy.

Here, *Gentlemen*, is my little Paper of Powder, whoſe Value ſurmounts that of Rocks of Diamonds, and Hills of Gold: 'Twas this made *Venus* a Goddeſs, which was given her by *Apollo*; from her deriv'd to *Helen*,

Helen, and in the Sack of *Troy* loſt, 'till recover'd by me out of ſome Ruins of *Aſia*.

Come buy it, *Ladies*, you that would be fair, and wear eternal Youth; and you, in whom the amorous Fire remains, when all the Charms are fled: You, that dreſs Young and Gay, and would be thought ſo; that Patch and Paint, to fill up ſometimes old Furrows on your Brows, and ſet yourſelves for Conqueſt, tho' in vain; here's that which will give you a bern Hair, white Teeth, red Lips, and Dimples on your Cheeks: Come, buy it, all you that are paſt bewitching, and would have handſome, young, and active Lovers.

Come all you City Wives, that would advance your Huſbands to be *Lord-Mayors*, come, buy of me new Beauty: This will give it, tho' now decay'd, as are your Shop-Commodities; this will retrieve your Cuſtomers, and vend your falſe and out-of-faſhion'd Wares: Cheat, lye, proteſt, and cozen as you pleaſe, a handſome Wife makes all a lawful Gain. Come, City Wives, come buy.

Here is my little Bottle of Powder, which *Venus* made, and gave to the God of Love, which made him firſt a Deity: You talk of Arrows, Bows, and killing Darts; Fables, Poetical Fictions are no more: 'Tis this alone, that wounds and fires the Heart, makes Women kind, and equals Men to Gods; 'tis this, that makes your great Lady doat on the ill-favour'd Fop; your great Man be jilted by his little Miſtreſs; the Judge cajol'd by his Sempſtreſs, and your Politician by his Comedian; your young Lady doat on her decrepit Huſband; your Chaplain on my Lady's Waiting-Woman, and the Squire on the Laundry-Maid. In fine, Sirs,

'Tis this, that cures the Lover's Pain,
And Celia *of her cold Diſdain.*

I need ſay nothing of my divine Baths of Reformation, nor the Wonders of the old Oracles of the Box,

which reſolves all Queſtions. All which ſufficiently declare me to be no mean Practitioner in the Aſtrological, as well as *Æſculapian* Art.

You that come to my Lodgings may have Advice Gratis: My Hours are from Eight to Twelve, and from Three to Six.

LOPUS's HARANGUE *at* Madrid.

MOST illuſtrious Dons, and egregiouſly beautiful and virtuous Madona's, with the reſt of my gentle Friends and Auditors: Behold your humble, moſt officious Servant LOPUS, arrived from the moſt antient and ſtately City of *Saragoſa*, on Purpoſe to make a Preſent of the wonderful Effects of his Phyſical and Chymical Arts to your fair Acceptance, in this moſt glorious and courtly Town of *Madrid*.

I proteſt to you, *Gentlemen*, I and my Wife, with all my Servants, are not able to make of this precious Oil, you ſee in this Glaſs, half ſo faſt, as it is fetch'd away from my Lodgings, by Gentlemen and others of this moſt famous Town, and ſent for by many of the greateſt Dukes and Grandees of this much celebrated Nation, ſome of which have detain'd me to their private and particular Uſe a while, ſince my Arrival, by their ſplendid Liberalities, and worthily; for what avails it to your rich Man to have his Cellars ſtuff'd with the pureſt Grape, and his Tables furniſh'd with the rareſt Variety of dainty Acetes, when his Phyſicians preſcribe him (on Pain of Death) to drink nothing but Water-Gruel, or over ſtew'd Herbs in a thin heartleſs Broth? O Health! the Bleſſing of the Rich! the Riches of the Poor! who can buy thee at too

too dear a Rate, ſince they cannot enjoy any Happineſs without thee?

Be not then ſo ſparing of your Purſes, honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural Courſe of your Lives; for when a humid Flux or Catarrh, by the Mutability of the Air, falls from you Head into an Arm, or Shoulder, or any other Part, take you a Ducat, or Caſtilion of Gold, and apply it to the Place affected, and ſee what Good it will do. No, no, it is this bleſſed *Unguento*, this rare Extraction, that only hath the Power to diſperſe all malignant Humours, from whatſoever ill-effected Cauſes they ſhall proceed.

It has the Power to fortify the moſt indigeſt and crude Stomach in the World, though it be of one that (through extreme Weakneſs) vomits Blood, applying only a warm Napkin to the Place, after the Unction and Fricace: For the Vertigo in the Head, putting but a Drop into your Noſtrils, likewiſe behind your Ears, a moſt ſovereign and approv'd Remedy, the Mal Caduco, Cramps, Convulſions, Paralyſies, Epilepſies, Tremor Cordis, retir'd and ſhrunk Nerves, evil Vapours of the Spleen, ſtopping of the Liver, the Stone, the Stranguary, Hernia Ventoſa, Iliaca Paſſio, ſtops a Dyſenteria, immediately eaſeth the Torſion of the ſmall Guts; and *Melancholia Hypochondriaca*, being taken and apply'd according to my printed Receipt; for this is the Phyſician, this the Medicine, this counſels, this cures, this gives the Direction, this works the Effect; and, in Sum, both together may be term'd an Abſtract of the Theoric and Practic in the *Æſculapian* Art. 'Twill coſt you four Rials; and ſo *Andrew*, prithee ſing a Verſe *extempore* in Honour of it.

Pointing to his Bill, and his Glaſs.

SONG.

HAD old Hippocrates *and* Galen,
(That to their Books put Med'cines all in)
But known this Secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been Murderers of ſo much Paper,
Or waſted many a hurtleſs Taper :
No Indian *Drug had e'er been famed,*
Tobacco, Saſſafras *not named* ;
Nor yet, of Guacum *one ſmall Stick, Sir,*
Nor Raymond Lully's *great Elixir.*
Nor had been known the Daniſh Goſwart,
Or Paracelſus, *with his long Sword.*

I have here, likewiſe a moſt ineſtimable Vegetable, which is equally to be valued with my Oil, of both which, if I had but Time to diſcourſe to you of the miraculous Effects, with the countleſs catalogue of thoſe I have cured of the aforeſaid, and many more Diſeaſes, the Patents and Privileges of the moſt Catholick and Chriſtian Kings, as alſo of the Princes and Commonwealths of Chriſtendom, or but the Depoſitions, that have appear'd on my Part before the moſt learned College of Phyſicians, where I was authorized upon Notice taken of the admirable Virtues of my Medicaments, and my own Excellency in Matter of rare and unknown Secrets, to diſperſe them publickly for the common Good, not only in this famous City, but in all the Territories that happily lie under the Government of the moſt pious and magnificent Provinces of this Kingdom. But may ſome other gallant Fellow ſay, Oh ! there are divers, that make Profeſſion to have as good, and as experimented Receipts as yours. Indeed, very many have eſſay'd, like Apes, in Imitation of that which is really and eſſentially in me, to make of this Oil, beſtow'd great Coſt in Furnaces, Stills, Alembicks, continual Fires, and Preparation of

the

the Ingredients, (as, indeed, there goes to it ſix hundred ſeveral Simples, beſides ſome Quantity of human Fat for the Conglutination, which we buy of the Anatomiſts) but when theſe Practitioners come to the laſt Decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in *Fumo!* Ha, ha, ha, poor Wretches! I rather pity their Folly and Indiſcretion, than their Loſs of Time and Money; for thoſe may be recover'd by Induſtry; but to be a Fool born, is a Diſeaſe incurable. For myſelf, I always from my Youth have endeavoured to get the rareſt Secrets, and book them, either in Exchange, or for Money: I ſpared no Coſt nor Labour, where any Thing was worthy to be learned. And, Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I will undertake (by Virtue of *Chymical* Art) out of the honourable Hat that covers your venerable Head, to extract the four Elements, that is to ſay, the Fire, Air, Water and Earth, return you your Felt without Burn or Stain; for whilſt others have been at the *Balloo*, I have been at my Book, and am now paſt the craggy Paths of Study, and am come to the flow'ry Plains of Honour and Reputation.

But to our Price: You all know (honourable Gentlemen) I never valued it in this City at leſs than eight Crowns, but for this Time I am content to be depriv'd of it for ſix; ſix Crowns is the Price; and leſs in Courteſy I know you cannot offer me; take it, or leave it; however, both it and I are at your Service. I aſk you not the Value of the Thing; for then I ſhould demand a thouſand Ducats, ſo ſeveral Grandees and Grandezaz's, with divers other Princes, have given me. But I deſpiſe Money: Only to ſhew my Affection to you, honourable Gentlemen, and your illuſtrious State here, I have neglected the Meſſages of theſe Princes; mine own Offices fram'd my Journey hither, only to preſent you with the Fruits of my Travels. Tune your Voices once more to the Touch of your Inſtruments, and give the honourable Aſſembly ſome delightful Recreations.

SONG.

YOU that would last long, list to my Song,
Make no more Coil, but buy of this Oil;
Would you be ever fair and young,
Stout of Teeth, and strong of Tongue;
Tart of Palate, quick of Ear;
Sharp of Sight, of Nostril clear;
Moist of Hand, and Light of Foot;
(Or I will come nearer to't)
Wou'd you live free from all Diseases,
Do the Act your Mistress pleases;
Yea fright all Aches from your Bones;
Here's a Med'cine for your Nones.

Well, I am in a Humour (at this Time) to make a Present of the small Quantity my Coffer contains; to the Rich in Courtesy, and to the Poor for God's Sake. Wherefore now mark, I ask'd you six Crowns, and six Crowns at other Times you have paid me: You shall not give me six Crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one, nor half a Ducat; Six-pence it will cost you, or six hundred Pounds: Expect no lower Price; for by the Banner of my Front, I will not bate one Farthing; that I will have only as a Pledge of your Loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew I am not contemn'd by you.

Here is likewise a Powder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I should speak to the Worth, five thousand Volumes were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a Word: So short is this Pilgrimage of Man (which some call Life) to the expressing of it; or, if I should reflect upon the Price, why the whole World were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private Purse, to the Purchase of it: I will only tell you, it is the very Powder, that made *Venus* a Goddess (given her by *Apollo*) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her Wrinkles, firm'd her Gums, fill'd her Skin, colour'd

lour'd her Hair, from her deriv'd to *Helen*, and at the Sack of *Troy* unfortunately loſt, till now in this our Age it was happily recovered by a ſtudious Antiquary out of ſome Ruins of *Aſia*, who ſent a Moiety of it to the Court of *France*; but much ſophiſticated; the reſt at this preſent remains with me, extracted to a Quinteſſence; ſo that wherever it but touches in Youth, it perpetually preſerves, in Age reſtores the Complexion, ſets your Teeth as firm as a Wall, makes them white as Ivory, that were as black as Jet; and with the Addition of a moſt wonderful Bath, of my own Preparation, it will tinct a grey Hare a pure Auburn, and make it grow ſo; make you caſt your old harſh Skin, for one as freſh and ſmooth as *Leda*'s, and ſo ſupple and quicken your Joints and Nerves, as but ſeldom uſing it, you ſhall ever enjoy your juvenal Activities, Guſto's, and total Abilities, to the Admiration of all that formerly knew you.

Many other rare Effects there are of this Powder and Bath, too tedious to reckon in this Place; but whoſoever has a Mind to try them, if they pleaſe to repair to my Lodgings, ſhall be more particularly inform'd. Only this I ſhall add at this preſent; this Powder has likewiſe a wonderful Variety of amorous Effects belonging to it, which are not here to be enumerated.

And ſo God preſerve his Moſt Catholick Majeſty.

The Character *of a* Quack.

He is made up of more *Items*, than a Taylor's Bill. If he catches but the Names of Diſeaſes, 'tis enough; 'tis all the Skill he ſtudies for. He took his firſt Being from a Cunning Woman; and ſtole this Black Art from her whilſt he made her Sea Coal Fires.

All

All the Diſeaſes ever Sin brought Man, he doth pretend to cure; when, in Truth, his main Cunning is only Corn-cutting. By his Railing at ſuch as ſhun him for Fear of Infection, and his ready Addreſs to Oyſter-Women and Butcher's Wives, he gains the Aſtoniſhment of the Vulgar, and the Scorn of the Wiſe. He ſhares Gain with ſome Apothecary in the Suburbs, at whoſe Houſe he lodges; and tho' he is ever ſo familiar with his Wife, the Apothecary dares not (for both his Ears) diſpleaſe him. All the Midwives in the Town are his Intelligencers; and Nurſes, and Merchant's Wives, who would fain conceive with Child, are his great Idolaters. He is a more unjuſt Bone-Setter, than a Dice-maker: He hath put out more Eyes than the Small-pox; made more deaf, than the Cataracts of *Nilus*; lam'd more, than the Gout; ſhrunk more Sinews, than one that makes Bow-ſtrings; and kill'd more idly, than Geneva and Tobacco. A Man that hath any Reſpect for his Dog, would never ſuffer ſuch a Varlet to come near him. His Diſcourſe is a Vomit; and his Ignorance the ſtrongeſt Purgation in the World. To one that would be ſpeedily cur'd, he hath more Delays and Doubles, than a Law-Suit, or a Hare. He ſeeks to ſet us at Variance with Nature; and rather than he will want Diſeaſes, he'll beget them. His main Practice (as I ſaid before) is upon Women: He labours to make their Minds ſick, e're their Bodies feel it, and then there's Work for the *Dog-Leach*. He pretends to cure Mad-Men; and ſure, he gets moſt by them; for no Man in his perfect Wits would have any Thing to do with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a Juggler in Urinals, ſo dangerouſly unſkilful, that if any will have Recourſe to him for Diſeaſes, that want Purgation, let them employ him in ſcouring their Bog-houſes.

MOUNTEBANK RECEIPTS.

An approv'd Receipt againſt Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady be ſick of the Sullens, *ſhe knows not where*, let her take a Handful of Simples, *I know not what*, and uſe them, *I know not how*, applying them to the Place griev'd, *I know not which*, and ſhe ſhall be cur'd, *I know not when.*

Againſt the Scurvy.

If any Scholar be troubled with an Itch, or Breaking-out, which in Time may prove the Scurvy, let him firſt forbear Clawing, and fretting Meats, and then purge Choller, but by no Means upwards.

For reſtoring Gentlemen Uſher's Legs.

If any Gentleman-Uſher have a Conſumption in his Legs, let him feed luſtily upon Veal, two Months in the Spring-time, and forbear all Manner of Mutton, and he ſhall increaſe in the Calf.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him travel to *Japan*; or becauſe the Foreſt of *Turnbelia* is of the ſame Altitude and Elevation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his Recreation, and it ſhall be done in an Inſtant.

For a Felon.

If any be troubled with a Felon on his Finger, whereby he hath loſt the lawful Uſe of his Hand, let him but once uſe the Exerciſe of Swinging, and ſtretch himſelf upon the ſovereign Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will preſently kill the Felon.

For a Tympany.

If a Virgin be ſo ſick of *Cupid*, that the Diſeaſe is grown to a *Tympany*, let her with all Speed poſſible remove herſelf, changing Air for forty Weeks at leaſt, keeping a ſpare Diet as ſhe travels, always after Dinner uſing lawful Exerciſes till ſhe be married, and then ſhe is paſt Danger.

For Barrenneſs.

If any Lady be married, yet childleſs, let her firſt deſire to be a Mother, and eat for her Breakfaſt a new laid Egg in a Spoonful of Goat's Milk, with a Scruple of Ambergreaſe, and at Supper feed on a *Hen*, trodden but by one *Cock*, and above all Things let her avoid hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the Stones, and aſſuming a finer Mold than Nature meant her, and no doubt ſhe ſhall fructify.

For the Falling Sickneſs.

If any Woman be troubled with the falling Sickneſs, let her firſt forbear Phyſick, eſpecially Suppoſitories and Gliſters; neither let her travel Weſtward, Hoy! becauſe ſhe muſt avoid the *Iſle of Man*. And for that it is an evil Spirit enter'd into her, let her for a Charm have always her Legs a-croſs, when ſhe is not walking, and this will help her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the Bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that he cannot go abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble, taking the Broth thereof from ſix Months to ſix Months, and he ſhall be as able a Man as ever he was.

MOUNTEBANK SONGS.

SONG I.

IS any deaf? is any blind?
Is any bound, or looſe behind?
Is any foul, that would be fair;
Would any Lady change her Hair?
Does any dream, does any walk;
Or in his Sleep affrighted talk?
I come to cure whate'er you feel,
Within, without, from Head to Heel.

Be Drums or Rattles in thy Head;
Are not thy Brains well tempered?
Does Eolus *thy Stomach gnaw;*
Or breed their Vermin in thy Maw?

Doſt

Doſt thou deſire, and [illegible] *n'ſt not pleaſe?*
Lo, here the beſt Cantharides. *I come*

Even all Diſeaſes that ariſe,
From ill diſpoſed Crudities;
From too much Study, too much Pain,
From Lazineſs, and from a Strain;
From any Humour doing Harm,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warm.
Then come to me, &c.

Of lazy Gout, I cure the Rich,
I rid the Peggar of the Itch,
I Phlegm avoid, both thick and thin,
I diſlocated Joints put in;
I can old Age to Youth reſtore,
And do a thouſand Wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

SONG. II.

Maids of the Chamber, or of the Kitchen,
If you be troubl'd with an Itching,
Come give me but a Kiſs or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoon cure you:
Nor Galen, *nor* Hippocrates,
Did ever do ſuch Cures as theſe.

Crack'd Maids, that cannot hold your Water,
Or uſe to break Wind in your Laughter;
Or be you vex'd with Kibes, with Corns,
I'll cure, or Cuckolds of their Horns:
Nor Galen, &c.

If Luſty Sis, *Maid of the Dairy,*
Chance to be blew-nip'd by the Fairy;
For making Butter with her Tail,
I'll give her that did never fail:
Nor Galen, &c.

Or if ſome Miſchance betide her,
Or that the Night Mare over-ride her,

l in a Dream,
r a Meſs of Cream :
Galen, &c.

SONG III.

HEre's Water to quench Maiden Fires,
Here's Spirits for old Occupiers ;
Here's Powder to preſerve Youth long,
Here's Oil to make weak Sinews ſtrong.
What is it you lack, what would you buy ?
What is it that you need ?
Come to me (Gallants) taſte and try,
Here's that will do the Deed.

This Powder doth preſerve from Fate,
This cureth the Maleficiate ;
Loſt Maidenheads this doth reſtore,
And makes them Virgins as before.
What is it you lack, &c.

Here's Cure for Bone-Ach, Fever-Lurdens,
Unlawful or untimely Burdens,
Diſeaſes of all Sex, all Ages,
This Med'cine cureth or aſſwages.
What is't you lack, &c.

I have Receipts to cure the Gout,
To keep Pox in, or put them out ;
To cool hot Bloods, cold Bloods to warm,
Shall do you (if no Good) no Harm.
What is't you lack, &c.

FINIS.